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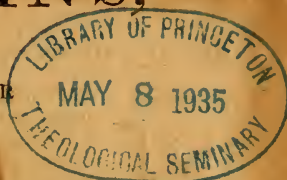
Division SCB
Section 6012

The great body of the Church had no apparent desire for a hymn book of their own. As early as 1796 the Assembly was overtured to appoint a committee to compile one, but the proposal was allowed to lie on the table.¹⁹⁴ In 1817 the Presbytery of Philadelphia sent up to the Assembly for its approbation "a copy of a collection of Hymns, intended for the use of society meetings; the Presbytery having declined to express their opinion of the book, thinking it proper that it should be submitted to the Assembly".¹⁹⁵ This was presumably *Hymns for social worship, collected from various authors* (Philadelphia, W. W. Woodward, 1817), the work of James P. Wilson, pastor of the First Church of Philadelphia. It contained 181 hymns, and in intent and contents ranges with the "Supplements to Watts". After reference to a committee, the consideration of the book was indefinitely postponed.¹⁹⁶ No further attempt was made to prepare a hymn book for the special use of the Church till the proceedings that culminated in the *Psalms and Hymns* of 1831.



H Y M N S,

FOR



SOCIAL WORSHIP,

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

James Patrick Wilson, D.D.

"Qualis in natos placidi parentis
Lenitas, talis Domini benigni est,
Quisquis illius pietate verâ

Nomen adorât." Psa. ciii.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY W. W. WOODWARD, NO. 52, SOUTH
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.....
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.....

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA: TO WIT:



BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-first day of May, in the forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1817; W. W. Woodward, of the said district has deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right

whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—Hymns, for Social Worship, collected from various authors. “Qualis in natos placidi parentis Lenitas, talis Domini benigni est, Quisquis illius pictate vera Nomen adorat.” Psa. ciii.

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D. CALDWELL, Clerk of the
District of Pennsylvania.

I agree that a copy-right shall be taken out by Mr. Woodward, merely with a view to secure perfect editions of the hymns collected for social worship; as I gain nothing from the book, so he agrees that the price shall not be enhanced by the copy right.

JAMES P. WILSON.

May 21st. 1817.

HYMNS,

COLLECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. (C. M.) HART.

Prayer for spiritual aid.

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our
Once more thy blessing ask, [God ;
Oh, may no duty seem a load,
No worship prove a task.
- 2 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 3 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;
Say to the south-wind, blow :
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

- 4 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
 The cold with warmth divine ;
 And as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

HYMN 2. (L. M.) WATTS' LYRICS.

The Creator exalted above all praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r ! whose high-
 abode
 Becomes the majesty of God ;
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne
 Burns with a lustre all its own :
 In shining ranks beneath thy feet,
 Angelic pow'rs and splendours meet.
- 5 Lord, what shall feeble mortals do ?
 We would adore our Maker too :
 In sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Something we learn from nature's frame :
 Thy word has more reveal'd thy name :
 Yet still the glories of thy mind,
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and man below :
 Short be our tunes, our words be few :
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 3. (L. M.) STEELE.

The humble worship of creatures.

- 1 **G**REAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?
- 2 Man, oh how far remov'd below!
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night;
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.
- 3 Behold! The bright, the morning star
Rising shall chase the shades away;
His beams resplendent from afar,
Promise a sweet immortal day.
- 4 To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to Thee, the Great Unknown;
Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne.

HYMN 4. (L. M.) AN OXONIAN.

The kingdom of Providence.

- 1 **G**REAT God! at whose all-pow'rful
call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise;

When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest !
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
'Thy blooming glories shine confest ;
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, from the teeming field,
Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see, we taste, make every heart
With gratitude, and love to glow.

HYMN 5. (C. M.) STEELE.

Meditation on Providence.

THY wisdom, power, and goodness,
In all thy works appear : [Lord !
But most should man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

- 2 From thee, the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His mortal frame sustains.

- 3 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd ;
 By revelation's brightest rays
 Still more divinely bless'd.
- Thy providence his constant guard,
 When threat'ning woes impend,
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.
- 5 On us thy Providence has shone,
 With gentle smiling rays ;
 O may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness, and thy praise !

HYMN 6. (C. M.) BOYSE.

Past providences reviewed.

- 1 **W**HEN o'er the trodden paths of
 Backwards I turn mine eyes, [life,
 What varied scenes, throughout the road,
 Awaken my surprise !
- 2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour
 Imparted vital breath,
 Just look'd on life, and clos'd their eyes,
 In the fast sleep of death.
- 3 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's
 Safe thro' unnumber'd snares, [stage,
 Travell'd not far, before they sunk,
 Amidst its thorns, and cares.
- 4 Follow'd through ev'ry changing stage,
 With goodness all my days,

Deny me not a heart to love,
A tongue to speak thy praise.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee
I owe, my gracious God !
Oh ! may I join those endless songs,
That fill thy blest abode.

HYMN 7. (S. M.) WATTS' LYRICS.

God the object of all homage.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Through the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name,
To build their own applause.
- 5 [Thus pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

- 6 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again,
- 7 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 8. (S. M.) STENNETT.

The King of saints.

- 1 **H**OW glorious is the place,
Where our Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 High on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
The eye of faith beholds him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us all our wants.
- 4 To us his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts :
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of our hearts,
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,

Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 9. (S. M.) HART.

The mercy and justice of God.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of all thy judgments sing:
And for the riches of thy grace
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Thy mercies bid us trust;
Thy judgments strike with awe:
We know our condemnation's just,
And yet we love thy law.
- 3 Who can thy deeds express?
Or trace thy wondrous ways?
How glorious is thy holiness!
How terrible thy praise!
- 4 Thy goodness how immense,
To those who fear thy name!
Thy love surpasses thought, or sense;
Unchangeably the same.
- 5 Thy judgments are too deep
For reason's line to sound;
Thy tender mercies to thy sheep,
No bottom know, nor bound.

HYMN 10. (L. M.)

The majesty and glory of God.

- 1 **G**OD sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;

While boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

- 2 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs, and of seraphs stand ;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 3 To GOD all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 4 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty pow'r with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine eyes ;
Now let thy beams of glory shine,
And fill my soul with light divine.

HYMN 11. (L. M.)

God eternal and unchangeable.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY, self-existent GOD,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign !
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

- 3 Fountain of being, Source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain ;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order may reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd ;
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark,
Amid the worlds, his devious track.
- 6 Earth shall with all her pow'rs dissolve,
When such the great Creator's will :
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

HYMN 12. (L. M.) SCOTT.

Incomprehensibility of God—Job xi. 7.

- 1 **W**HAT finite pow'r, with ceaseless
toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind ?
Who can th' Almighty Three and One,
By searching to perfection find ?
- 2 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious, their adoring songs ;
Their lab'ring thoughts sink down opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.
- 3 Immensely far beyond their ken,
His 'matchless, countless glories rise,

And clouds and darkness veil his face,
From the most penetrating eyes.

- 4 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And, mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

HYMN 13. (C. M.) BECK'S COL.

The Divine Messenger of the covenant.—Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below;
And shows from whence the springs of
In endless currents flow. [love
- 2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!
- [3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn—
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born;]
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who neither knew nor lov'd his face;
And all his will abhor'd;
- 5 To me, who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew;
But sought a thousand devious ways,
Rather than keep the true.

- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
 So vile a worm to bless ;
 He took with cheerfulness my shame,
 And gave his righteousness.

HYMN 14. (L. M.) STEELE.

The goodness of God.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my God, my King,
 While I have life or breath to sing,
 Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
 Till heav'n improve the blissful song.
- 2 No more in princes vainly trust,
 Frail sons of earth ! man is but dust ;
 With all his pride, with all his pow'r,
 The helpless creature of an hour.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes divine
 On Israel's cov'nant God recline !
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 'This God is mine, my help, my stay !
- 4 His justice favours them who mourn
 Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 5 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
 His touch restores the joys of light ;
 And mourners rais'd confess his care,
 He loves the humble and sincere.
- 6 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home :

The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

HYMN 15. (C. M.) GIBBONS.

Goodness of God—Jor. xxxi. 12.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls con-
Thy goodness we adore ; [fess ;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea, without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray,
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Thro' Jesus' name are giv'n.
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

HYMN 16. (L. M.) STEELE.

The Intercessor.—Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !

- And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults ;
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r ;
Let this firm hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty Friend !
On thee our humble hopes depend !
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus, pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 17. (L. M.) R——.

The mercy and grace of God.

- 1' **T**IS grace that quickens me when
dead,
Grace can my soul to Jesus lead ;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin—
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.
- 2 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss ;
Lord in thy grace my soul is strong—
Grace is my hope and Christ my song.

- 3 'Tis grace defends when danger's near ;
 By grace alone I persevere ;
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—
 Free grace is all they sing above.
- 4 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
 And 'tis in grace alone I trust ;
 For all that's past, grace is my theme—
 For what's to come 'tis still the same.
- 5 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,
 Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
 I'll cast my crown before his throne,
 And shout free grace to him alone.

HYMN 18. (C. M.) ADDISON.

Gratitude for mercies.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys :
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my head,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
 From whom those blessings flow'd,
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.

HYMN 19. (L. M.) SCOTT.

Unchangeableness of Divine Goodness.

1 **N**E'ER shall the shadow of a change
Obscure the Origin of Light,
Nor can the hopes, which truth has rais'd,
Lie bury'd in eternal night.

2 The laws of nature may reverse ;
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear in blooming pride
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd :

3 Yon shining orbs forget their course ;
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And nature lose her rapid force,
Creatures in God no change can make.

4 Calm as the summer's ocean we
While grace secures us an abode,
Can all the wreck of nature see,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

[5 What, tho' my heavenly Father frown,
And check my follies with the rod ;
Unchangeable his cov'nant stands,
Confirm'd by oath, and seal'd with blood.]

HYMN 20. (C. M.) BLACKLOCK.

Omnipresence.

- 1 **T**O thee Great God, my devious ways,
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.
- 2 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
Before me shines thy name ;
And 'tis thy strong, Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 3 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its tow'ring summit find.
- 4 Where from thy spirit, shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight ?
Or where, thro' nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight ?
- 5 If on a morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to distant western shores
Which bound the ocean's flood.
- 6 Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wondrous way,

- And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 7 Should I enwrap myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shinelike blazing noon,
Before thy piercing sight.
- 8 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell, afford
A shelter from thy view !

HYMN 21. (C. M.) WATTS' LYRICS.

Divine Sovereignty.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things ;
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Th' Almighty voice bade ancient night
Her boundless realms resign,
And lo, unnumber'd globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
- 4 Now wisdom with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

- 5 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 6 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his councils shine ;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 7 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown :
 And there, the foll'wing page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 8 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;
 Nor God the reason gives :
 Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.
- 9 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

HYMN 22. (L. M.) STEELE.

Divine Sovereignty, and human mortality.

- 1 **L**ORD thou hast been thy children's
 God,
 All-pow'rful, wise, and good, and just,
 In every age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

- 3 Destruction waits thy awful word,
While mortal hope expiring mourns ;
Obedient nature owns her Lord,
And dying man to dust returns.
- 4 Great Father of Eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night !
- 5 Thine anger, like a swelling flood,
Comes o'er the world with dreadful sway,
The tempest speaks the offended God,
And sweeps the guilty race away.
- 6 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts, to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN 23. (L. M.) WATTS' LYRICS.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his
name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes, nor thoughts can
reach:
- 2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !

They are too dark, and he too bright ;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo !
Creation rose at his command ;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop :
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon ;
No ebb his sea of glory knows ;
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my theme, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise :
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

HYMN 24. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

The wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's
will :
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

- 3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees ;
 And, by his saints, it stands confest,
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 25. (C. M.) STEELE.

Praise for the blessings of providence and grace.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind Guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 [Around my path what dangers rose !
 What snares spread all my road !
 No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd my eye !
 How many past, almost unknown,
 Or unregarded lie !]

- 5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 More I adore thee, gracious Lord !
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 8 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 26. (L. M.)

The Presence of God the life and light of the soul.

- 1 **M**Y God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow
On thee alone I cast my care ; [pine ?
O leave me not in dark despair.
- 2 Though every comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart ;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.
- 3 My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear ;

- Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.
- 4 Not all its terrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light ;
Thy love shall all my fears control,
And glory dawn around my soul.
- 5 Should all created blessings fade,
And mourning nature, disarray'd
Deplore her ev'ry charm withdrawn,
Light, hope, and joy for ever gone :
- 6 Tho' naught remain below the sky,
To please my taste, my ear, my eye,
Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
Amid the universal night.
- 7 My God, be thou forever nigh ;
Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
My hope, my joy shall ever rise,
Nor terminate below the skies.

HYMN 27. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Divine light.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, of boundless
 might,
With uncreated glories bright,
His presence gilds the worlds above,
Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 *Let there be light*, JEHOVAH said ;
And light o'er all creation spread ;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre, shone.

- 3 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray ;
He changes midnight into day.
- 4 Shine mighty God in mercy shine,
On this benighted heart of mine
There be thy brightest glories seal'd,
As in my Saviour's face reveal'd.
- 5 Thine image on my soul impress'd,
In radiant lines, shall stand confess'd,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

HYMN 28. (C. M.) COWPER.

The light of the scriptures.

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;

Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 29. (C. M.) STEELE.

Excellency of the bible.—Ps. cxix. 97.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a sweet repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound !
- 6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My refuge and delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

- 7 Divine instructor, gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near :
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

HYMN 30. (L. M.) STENNETT.

Acceptance through Christ alone.—John xiv. 6.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar !
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind ?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 The blood of Christ, and his alone,
Hath sov'reign virtue to atone :
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

HYMN 31. (C. M.)

Comfort from the word.

- 1 **G**OD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song ;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.
- 2 When guilt pursues my troubled breast,
His word I will receive ;
He tells me where my faith must rest,
And helps me to believe.

- 3 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still ;
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind,
Though I no comfort feel.
- 4 When sore temptations vex my soul,
I think upon his word ;
His promises my fears control,
And lead me to the Lord.
- 5 When for my sins my heart is broke,
And tears my grief disclose,
His word directs me to that rock
Whence peaceful pardon flows.
- 6 Are my afflictions sharp and long ?
Does pain extreme ensue ?
God's word I trust, his arm is strong ;
His goodness bears me through.
- 7 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favours so divine ;
Who taught my thoughts to soar above,
And made these blessings mine.
- 8 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

HYMN 32. (L. M.) TUCKER.

Wisdom, justice and mercy united.

- 1 **O** LOVE ! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous
plan !

- Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man !
- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains !
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Thus mercy reigns, and justice too—
In Christ harmoniously they meet :
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 4 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 5 But O, the vast, the boundless theme !
Nor human, nor angelic mind,
Can touch the height, or sound the depth,
Nor all their brightest pow'rs combin'd.

HYMN 33. (S. M.) KENT.

Church coming up from the wilderness.

- 1 **F**ROM sin's dark, thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A trav'ling fair one in distress,
On her beloved leans.
- 2 Thro' fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong—
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along.

- 3 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon his righteousness,
From whence her hopes arise.
- 4 She views the cov'nant sure ;
Her hopes all centre there ;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Who gave his life for her.
- 6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
When call'd by death to go,
Still leaning on her cov'nant God,
She'll pass triumphant through.

HYMN 34. (C. M.) GIBBONS.

Zion's feast.—Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 **O**N Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Isr'el's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given !
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven !
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,

With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

- 5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be giv'n,
When with the myriads round the throne
We join the feast of heav'n !
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul ;
And springs of life that never dry
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 35. (C. M.)

The increase of the church promised and pleaded.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 " Ask, and I give the Heathen lands
" For thine inheritance,
" And to the world's remotest shores
" Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, that Abram's seed
Shall their Redeemer own ;
While Gentiles the same promise claim,
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,
And learn and feel his grace ?

- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exemption giv'n.
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord !
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame :
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

HYMN 36. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

The increase of the church.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ye saints that Jesus reigns !
Thro' distant lands his triumphs
spread ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 [Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power ;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring ;

By grace constrain'd, their homage pay
To their Almighty God and King.]

- 5 O may his conquest still increase,
His pow'r every foe subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his spreading glories show,
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 37. (L. M.) BECK'S COL.

True wisdom.

- 1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love !
- 2 Happy is he, who thus can say,
The Lord, the Saviour dy'd for me :
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavn'ly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are paths of peace ;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.
- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends :
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains—
 In whose obedient heart she reigns :
 He owns, and will for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

HYMN 38. (C. M.) COWPER.

Fountain.—John xix. 34.—1 John i. 7.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain 'fill'd with
 blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 The great Redeemer's precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 If I by faith behold the stream
 His flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love shall be my theme,
 And I shall never die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisp'ing, falt'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 39. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

The Gospel Jubilee.—Psalm lxxxix.—15.

- 1 **L** OUD let the Gospel trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round ;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n ;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 4 Her blest inhabitants no more,
Bondage and poverty deplore ;
No debt, but love immensely great ;
Their joy still rises with the debt.
- 5 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

HYMN 40. (L. M.) MEDLEY.

The birth of Christ.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
 While sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And tun'd the golden lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
 The theme, the song, the joy were new ;
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- [5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
 The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.
- [7 Hail, prince of life, forever hail !
 Redeemer, brother, friend !
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.]

HYMN 41 (C. M.) BROWN.

Works vain as to merit.—Mic. vi. 6—8.

- 1 **H**OW shall I come before the Lord,
 And bow before his throne ?

Or how procure his kind regard ?
Or for my guilt atone ?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend ?

3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favour buy ?
Or oil, that should, for holy fire,
Ten thousand streams supply ?

4 With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I my offspring slay ;
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away ?

5 Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all ;
Such victims bleed in vain ;
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain !

6 None, but a dying Saviour's blood,
Can all thy guilt remove ;
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

HYMN 42 (L. M.) SCOTT.

Balm of Gilead.—Jer. viii. 22.

1 **W**HY droops my soul with grief oppressed ?

Why these wild tumults in my breast ?
Is there no balm to heal my wound ?—
No kind physician to be found ?

- 2 Lo ! in the gospel's faithful lines,
 Jehovah's boundless mercy shines ;
 There drest in love the Saviour stands,
 With bleeding heart and wounded hands !
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes ;
 Behold the prince of glory dies ;
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 Thence sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
- 4 My Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure or die !
 But grace forbids that painful fear—
 Infinite grace, which triumphs here !
- 5 Great God extract the poison'd dart,
 Bind up and heal my broken heart ;
 With blooming health my face adorn,
 And change my gloomy night to morn.

HYMN 43. (L. M.) HOSKINS.

Christ our Light.

- 1 **G**REAT Light of life, thou nature's
 Lord,
 Bring light from darkness by thy word ;
 Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,
 To give the light of truth divine.
- 2 Light of our souls ! thyself reveal ;
 Thy pow'r and presence let us feel ;
 And know and see those wondrous things
 Conceal'd from prophets, priests and
 kings.

- 3 Now in the face of Christ, our Lord,
His righteousness and pard'ning blood,
May we behold our all in all,
And at the feet of mercy fall.
- 4 There thy perfections shine most bright ;
May we behold them with delight ;
And see how justice, truth and grace
Unite and smile in Jesus' face.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness ! arise
Open our long benighted eyes ;
Shine, mighty Lord from day to day,
Till all that's dark be done away.

HYMN 44. (L. M.) STEELE.

A dying Saviour—Mark, xv. 29—38.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Sa-
viour dies,
Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side !
- 2 Here's pain and love beyond degree !
What sudden griefs and joys we see !
The Lord of glory dies for men !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 4 To suffer in the traitor's place—
To die for man, surprising grace !

The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 Cherubic legions guard him home.

- 5 He “ lives for ever, wondrous king !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !”
 He asks the monster, “ where’s thy sting ?
 And where’s thy vict’ry, boasting grave !”
- 6 Fain would our souls, arise and sing,
 The glories of our Saviour King,
 The condescension of his love.
 In concert with the choir above,
- 7 When Jesus dy’d the Christ was slain,
 To save my soul from endless pain ;
 That Christ has dy’d, shall be my theme,
 While I have breath to praise his name.

HYMN 45. (C. M.) NEWTON.

Christ suffering on the cross.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 He fix’d his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 2 O never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look :
 He seem’d to charge me with his death,
 Tho’ not a word he spoke.
- 3 A second look he gave and said,
 “ I freely all forgive ;
 “ This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 “ I die that thou may’st live.”

- 4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 46. (L. M.) WALLIN.

Christ's Resurrection.—Matt. xxviii 5.

- 1 **W**HEN I the lonely tomb survey,
 Where once my Saviour deign'd
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say, [to lie,
 And all the pow'rs of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
 Sweet pledge! that all who trust his name,
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath!
- 3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 ' Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My flesh for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.'

HYMN 27. (L. M.) WESLEY.

Christ's Ascension.—Psalm xxiv. 7—10.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Saviour is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of shining light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right
Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the king of glory, who ?”
The Lord, that all his foes o’ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu’ror’s name.
- 5 “ Who can this king of glory, be ?”
The Lord of boundless pow’r possest,
The king of saints and angels he,
God over all, for ever blest !

HYMN 48. (L. M.)

All in all.

- 1 **I**N Christ, I’ve all my soul’s desire ;
His spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high,
His grace will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength and guide ;
For me he bled, and groan’d, and dy’d ;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul’s supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom, and my righteousness.

My Saviour. Brother, and my Friend ;
On him alone I now depend.

- 4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress ;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my strength and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do ;
Thro' him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

HYMN 49 (L. M.) GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus—Mark viii. 38.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how can it ever be,
That mortal man's asham'd of thee !
Scorn'd be the thought, by rich and poor
His name be honor'd more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- [3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight, with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! shall yon field
Blush, when it thinks who bids it yield ?
Yet blush I must while I adore ;
I blush to think I yield no more.]

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 6 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may
 When I've no crimes to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 7 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And, O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.

HYMN 50 (C. M.) HART.

Christ the believer's Surety.

- 1 **W**hat slavish fears molest my mind,
 And vex my sickly soul !
 How is it, Lord, that thou art kind ;
 And yet I am not whole ?
- 2 Ah, why should unbelief and pride,
 With all their hellish train,
 Still in my ransom'd soul abide,
 And give me all this pain ?
- 3 Thy word is past ; thy promise made :
 With power it came from heav'n :
 "Cheer up desponding soul" it said,
 Thy sins are all forgiven.
- 4 "I am thy God , thy guide till death,
 "Thine everlasting friend :
 "On me for love, for works, for faith,
 "On me for all depend."

- 5 Jesus, thy blood has bought my peace,
 And paid the heavy debt ;
 Has giv'n a fair and full release ;
 But I'm in prison yet.
- 6 Lord, break the bars, which thus confine,
 These chains that gall me so ;
 Say to that cruel jailor, sin ;
 " Loose him, and let him go.

HYMN 51 (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Pardon spoken by Christ. Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice,
 Pronounce the words of peace !
 And all my warmest powers shall join
 To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
 And speak my sins forgiv'n ;
 The accents mild shall charm mine ear
 As words that come from heav'n.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
 The darkest path I'll tread,
 Cheerful, I'll quit these mortal shores,
 And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
 No other fears we know ;
 That hand, which scatters pardons down,
 Shall crowns of life bestow.

HYMN 52. (L. M.) GIBBONS.

Divine forgiveness.—Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die :

Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs shout it from the sky !

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ,
'Tis full, out measuring every crime :
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand, —
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honour shall we show ?
Where such transgressions are forgiv'n,
Let love in equal ardours glow :
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN 53 (C. M.) STEELE.

Saviour—John iv. 47.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

- 3 'Th' almighty former of the skies,
 Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 4 He bore our sins, and set us free ;
 No charge on us can lie ;
 His blood's an all-sufficient plea,
 Our souls to justify.
- 5 O the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss a boundless store !
 If I may call this Saviour mine,
 I cannot wish for more.
- 6 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my all.

HYMN 54 (C. M.) STENNETT.

Eat, O Friends, &c.—Cant. v. 1.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
 The wonders of thy grace ;
 But most of all admire, that I
 Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
 A rebel to my God ;
 I that have crucify'd his son,
 And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room !

My Saviour takes me by the hand—
'Tis Jesus bids me come.

- 4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you ;
For you I groan'd and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.
- 5 He that prepares this rich repast,
Comes down himself and dies ;
And then invites us to a feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 6 These sacred signs assist our sense ;
That faith on Christ may feed ;
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed !

HYMN 55. (L. M.) HARRISON.

Hating sin.

- 1 **O** COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,
Wheresin has neither place nor pow'r ;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love ;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory to mine eyes.

- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low ;
I long to dwell in heav'n, my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

HYMN 56. (L. M.) FAWCETT.

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts ix. 6.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping-
eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh ;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, Great God ! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years !
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due ;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name ?

To him I look, and humbly cry,
 “O save a wretch condemn’d to die!”

HYMN 57. (C. M.) STEELE.

Penitence and hope.

- 1 **B**LESS’D Saviour! when my thoughts
 recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet asham’d I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
 By earth’s low cares detain’d—bêtray’d
 From Jesus to depart.—
- 3 From Jesus,—who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace and rest:
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfy’d, unblest.
- 4 But he for his own mercy’s sake,
 My wandering soul restores:
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to seek thy face:
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
 Thy condescending grace.

HYMN 58. (L. M.) NEWTON.

Prayer for restoration.

- 1 **U**PON thine arm, O Lord, I rest ;
Thy gracious voice forbids my fear ;
No storms disturb my peaceful breast,
No foes succeed, when thou art near.
- 2 But since from thee I went astray,
Nothing but trouble have I known ;
And Satan marks me for his prey,
Because he sees me left alone.
- 3 My Sun is hid, my comforts lost,
My graces droop, my sins revive ;
Distress'd, dismay'd, and tempest-toss'd,
My wandering soul is just alive.
- 4 Lord hear my cry, and rescue me,
Put all my enemies to shame ;
And let them in my sorrow see,
That I have trusted in thy name.
- 5 And should I then ungrateful prove,
And not return thee love for love ;
If hell my portion still could be,
I have deserv'd it all from thee.

HYMN 59. (S. M.)

A beam of hope.

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins :
I feel alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

- 2 Ah whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread th' impending doom ;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.
- 6 Come, holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 7 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart....
 To sanctify the soul....
 To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
 And new-create the whole.

HYMN 60. (L. M.) STEELE.

To whom shall we go, but unto thee? or, Life and safety in Christ alone.—John vi. 67–69.

- 1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my Almighty friend ;

- Let not my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend.
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine :
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN 61. (C. M.) JONES.

The successful resolve.

- 1 **W**E abject sinners, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with our guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 " We'll go to Jesus, though our sin
 " Hath like a mountain rose ;
 " We know his courts, we'll enter in,
 " Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " We can but perish, if we go ;
 " We are resolv'd to try :
 " For, if we stay away, we know
 " We must for ever die."
- 4 But if we die while mercy's sought,
 And we the King have tried,
 This were to die (delightful thought !)
 As sinners never died.

HYMN 62. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Race.—1 Cor. ix. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry
 nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
 A heavenly prize demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 Which calls thee from on high :
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have I my race begun :

When crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

HYMN 63. (C. M.) COWPER.

Walking with God.—Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I sought the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd :
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be ;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 64. (C. M.) STEELE.

Devotion.

- 1 **H**OW should our songs, like those
 above,
 With warm devotion rise !
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies !
- 2 But ah ! the song, how cold it flows !
 How languid our desire !
 How faint the sacred passion glows,
 Till thou the heart inspire !
- 3 Let, mighty Lord, thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heav'n on earth appear.
- 4 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.

HYMN 65. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Vision of dry bones.—Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying
 eye,
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around,
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?

That, mighty God, to thee is known!
That wondrous work is all thine own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move—they waken—they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound,
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the
ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN 66. (C. M.) COWPER.

Obedience.

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too:

- 4 Then, all my servile works were done,
 A righteousness to raise ;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
- 5 ‘ What shall I do ? was then the word,
 ‘ That I may worthier grow ?
 ‘ What shall I render to the Lord ? ’
 Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill’d,
 And hear his pard’ning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice.
- 7 ’Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
 When dangers line the road ;
 Here I my Ebenezer raise,
 And trust a gracious God.

HYMN 67. (C. M.) STENNETT.

Indwelling sin lamented.

- W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne’er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been :
 So faithless to his promises
 So prone to every sin.
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate’er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve ;
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.

5 How long, my Saviour, shall I feel
 These strugglings in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the
 charm,
 And set the captive free :
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm
 And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 68. (C. M). WATTS' SERMONS.

Holy fortitude.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,—
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flow'ry beds of ease ;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ;
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die :

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 69. (L. M.) NEWTON.

Traveller to Zion.

1 **A**S when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2 Thus, when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies ;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there, with Jesus, he's to dwell,
To spend an everlasting day :
There shall he bid his cares farewell,
For Christ shall wipe his tears away.

HYMN 70. (C. M.) GIBBONS.

Inquiring the road to Zion.--Psalm lxxxiv. 7.

1 **I**F Lord I have, ne'er yet, begun
To tread the heavenly road,

- O teach my wand'ring feet the way
To Zion's blest abode !
- 2 Or, if I'm trav'ling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heav'n at length !
- 3 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

HYMN 71. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Lost sheep found.—Luke xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from
his fold,
Has lost a straying sheep ;
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountains steep.
- 2 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
When he the wand'rer finds ;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete :
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns ;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
"A wand'ring sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 72. (S. M.) STEELE.

Shepherd — Psalm xxiii 1—3.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my Spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !

With pleasure, food, and safety, blest ;
Beneficence divine !

5 Great Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

HYMN 73 (L. M.)

*On the Providence of God. Taken chiefly from the
23d Psalm of David*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
- 2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.
- 3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;

- 5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade
 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
- 6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 74. (S. M.) DODDRIDGE

The security of Christ's sheep.—John x. 27.—29.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks ;
 No angel's harp such music yields
 As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 “ I know my sheep,” he cries,
 “ My soul approves them well :
 “ Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
 “ And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 “ I freely feed them now
 “ With tokens of my love ;
 “ But richer pastures I prepare,
 “ And sweeter streams, above.
- 4 “ Unnumber'd years of bliss
 “ I to my sheep will give ;
 “ And, while my throne unshaken stands
 “ Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 “ This try'd Almighty hand
 “ Is rais'd for their defence :

“ Where is the pow’r shall reach them
there ?

“ Or what shall force them thence ?”

- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry ;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

HYMN 75 (S. M.) KENT.

It shall be well with the righteous.—Isa. iii. 10.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these ?
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow ;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love ;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 5 He hears the ravens call,
Nor will his children grieve ;
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall,
Without my Father's leave.

- 6 O may I doubt no more,
 But in his pleasure rest :
 Built on his love, his truth, and pow'r,
 My soul is truly blest.

HYMN 76. (S. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Grace —Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'Tis a charming sound ?
 Harmonious to the ear !
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps *that* grace display
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days ;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 77. (L. M.)

The Christian warfare.—Eph. vi. 13—17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war :
 "Awake, the powers of hell are near!
 "To arms ! to arms ! I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die !"
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around ;

Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield:
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYMN 78. (C. M.) TATE AND BRADY.

Encouragement from the experience of God's goodness. [Ps. xxiv.]

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distress
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his name their trust.

- 4 O make but trial of his love !
 Experience will decide,
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, in all your ways
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make his whole service your delight ;
 Your wants shall be his care.

HYMN 79. (L. M.) STENNETT.

Early piety. Matthew xii. 20.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour
 speaks !
 How kind the promises he makes !
 A bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 The humble poor he'll not despise,
 Nor on the contrite sinner frown :
 His ear is open to their cries ;
 He quickly sends salvation down.
- 3 When piety in early minds,
 Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
 He guards the plants from threat'ning
 winds,
 And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 4 With humble souls he bears a part
 In all the sorrows they endure :
 Tender and gracious is his heart,
 His promise is for ever sure.

- 3 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin ;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end ;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send.

HYMN 80. (S. M.) FAWCETT.

How shall a young man cleanse his Way? Psal.
cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Freely on me bestow.
- 3 Make my unguarded youth,
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone ;
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;

Be this, through all my foll'wing days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

HYMN 81. (L. M.) STEELE.

The influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv.
16, 17.

- 1 **W**HEN sin prevails, and gloomy
fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?
- 2 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh !
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart !
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy Almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

- 5 And, when my cheerful hope can say
“I love my God, and taste his grace ;”
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace
- 6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love !
And light and heav’nly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 82. (L. M.) GIBBONS.

Rising to God Eccl. xii. 7.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav’n’s eternal joys ?
- 3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying, is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav’n enjoy’d above :
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN 83. (L. M.) STENNETT.

To be sung between prayer and sermon.

- 1 “ **W**HERE two or three with sweet
 accord,
 “ Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 “ Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 “ And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 “ There,” says the Saviour, “ will I be,
 “ Amid this little company ;
 “ To them unveil my smiling face,
 “ And shed my glories round the place.”
- 3 ’Tis in thy name we meet, O Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav’nly love.

HYMN 84. (C. M.) NEWTON.

On opening a place for social prayer.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear,
 Thy presence now display ;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.

- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken from their sleep profound,
 The sinful human race.

HYMN 85. (C. M.) STEELE.

And yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **T**HE wretched, hungry, starving
 poor,
 May find a royal feast,
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids us come !
 Guilt holds us back, and fear alarms,
 Yet still he calls, there's room.
- 3 We'll go, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love :
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come ;
 For longing souls the grace adore,
 Approach, and find there's room !

HYMN 86. (C. M.) BROWN.

Imploring mercy. Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
 And knock at mercy's door ;
 Cast me not off before I die,
 Thy favour I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
 Thy rich, forgiving love ;
 O take my heinous guilt away,
 This heavy load remove.
- 3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest
 Down to the gates of hell ;
 O give my troubled spirit rest,
 And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
 O may thy bowels move :
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
 To join thy saints above ;
 I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
 And sing thy bleeding love.

HYMN 87. (S. M.) WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Pious resolutions.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 My God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 That I may live on high.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And thus thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A good account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Oh let me ne'er my trust betray,
But faithful live and die.

HYMN 88. (L. M.) DAVIS.

Self-examination. Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise ;
What anxious fears and jealous-
sies !
What crowds in doubtful light appear ;
How few, alas ! approv'd and clear !
What then am I ?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take :
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus form'd and living there ?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search my will,
The secrets of my soul reveal ;

- My fears remove : let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.
- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread ;
Light up in me celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall
And give full proof that he is there, [live,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

HYMN 89. (S. M.) TOPLADY.

Evil heart—Jer. xvii. 9—Matt xv. 19.

- 1 **A** STONISH'D and distrest,
I turn my eyes within :
My heart's with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of ev'ry sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosanna's raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 90. (L. M.) WHITEFIELD'S COL.

The sinner's prayer.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall
it be,
That I shall find my all in thee ;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Thee only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
A helpless soul, I come to thee,
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure ;
I want, do thou enrich the poor ;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
Behold I'm weak, be thou my might ;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

HYMN 91. (L. M.)

Trust in Christ.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil—
- 2 The empty stall no herd afford—
And perish all the bleating race ;
Yet, I will triumph in the Lord !—
The God of my salvation praise !

- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear !
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face :
- 4 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.
- 5 Nor will I ever let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
 I never will give up my shield.
- 6 In hope—believing against hope—
 His promis'd mercy will I claim ;
 His gracious word shall bear me up
 To seek salvation in his name ;
- 7 *Soon* will my Saviour, bring it nigh !
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 92. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Examples of faith.—Heb. xi. 13.

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient heroes trod :
 Ambitious view those holy men,
 Who liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live ;

Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious
They conquer'd ev'ry foe ; [blood,
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honour owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given ;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Which led them safe to heav'n.

5 Faith in thy love shall sweeten death,
And smooth the rugged way ;
Smile on me, sov'reign Lord, and then
I shall not wish to stay.

HYMN 93. (L. M.) WATTS' LYRICS.

Earth abandon'd.

1 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

2 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

3 Begone, for ever mortal things !
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave this earth where sinner's dwell.

- 4 Come, Saviour come, fill my desires ;
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she love this earthly clod.

HYMN 94. (L. M.) STEELE.

Inconstant heart lamented.

- 1 **A** H ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
 That can from Jesus thus depart ;
 Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
 And chide each vanity away ;
 In vain, alas, resolve to bind
 This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Thro' all resolves how soon it flies,
 And mocks the weak, the slender ties ;
 There's naught beneath a pow'r divine,
 That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
 And at thy feet repenting mourn :
 There let me view thy pard'ning love,
 And never from thy sight remove.
- 5 O let thy love, with sweet controul,
 Bind all the passions of my soul ;
 Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
 And dwell for ever in my heart.

HYMN 95. (L. M.)

The necessity of renewing grace.

- 1 **H**OW helpless, guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
To bid them upwards rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live !
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions, and our pow'rs
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 96. (L. M) GIBBONS.

Ransom—Isaiah xl. 2.

- 1 **"I COME,"** the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare ;

- “ From debts and bondage to discharge,
 “ And Jews and Greeks the grace shall
 2 “ A day of vengeance I proclaim, [share.
 “ But not on man the storm shall fall ;
 “ On me its thunders shall descend,
 “ My strength, my love sustain them all.”
 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !
 Jesus has dy’d that we might live—
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
 Could so divine a ransom give.
 4 To him who lov’d our ruin’d race,
 And for our lives laid down his own,
 Let songs of joyful praises rise,
 Sublime, eternal as his throne.

HYMN 97. (L. M.) STEELE.

Redemption by Christ alone. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV’D by sin, and bound in
 chains.
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom’d to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
 2 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid :
 A price immense ! his precious blood
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.
 3 Jesus the sacrifice became
 ‘To rescue guilty souls from hell :

The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

- 4 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

HYMN 98. (C. M.) STENNETT.

The excellencies of Christ.

- 1 **T**O Christ, the Lord let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head ;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have :
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.]
- 8 To heav'n the place of his abode
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord they should all be thine.

HYMN 99. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

*Peters admonition to Simon Magus, turned into
 prayer.—Acts viii. 21—24.*

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts before thy face,
 I'd all my soul display ;
 And conscious of its secret arts,
 Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If lurking in its inmost folds
 I any sin conceal,

Oh, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

- 3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.
- 4 If in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Strike off my chains, and raise my soul
To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given :
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

HYMN 100. (C. M.) TOPLADY.

Hope in Christ.

- 1 **S**OON shall my separated soul
View Jesus and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfy'd,
And grieve and sin no more—
- 2 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;
And, by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 3 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know !

- 4 O may th' impression of these truths
Forever with me stay ;
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

HYMN 101. (C. M.) RYLAND.

Trust in God.—Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **G**REAT God I put my trust in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dry'd,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfy'd,
And glory in thy name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil ;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide :

While Christ is rich, can I be poor ;
What can I want beside ?

- 7 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee :
I triumph and adore :
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 102. (S. M.) BEDDOME.

Precious faith.—Eph. ii. 8.—2 Pet. i. 1.

- 1 **F**AITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd !
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God !

- 2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

HYMN 103. (C. M.) NEWTON.

Prayer answered by crosses.

- 1 **A**SK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace ;

- Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 " Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cry'd ;
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith :
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
" From self and pride to set thee free ;
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou may's't seek thy all in me."

HYMN 104. (L. M.) STEELE.

Hope encouraged by a view of the Divine perfections.—1 Saml. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding
mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh ?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live,
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame ;
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread ! how bright they
shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in time of need ;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine, and I am blest.

HYMN 105. (S. M.) HART.

The Christian walking in darkness.

- 1 **D**ISTRUST on ev'ry side
With evils felt, or fear'd,
We pray, we cry ; but cannot find
That pray'rs, or cries are heard.
- 2 Again we cannot see
His helping hand, but feel ;
And though we neither feel, nor see,
God's hand sustains us still.
- 3 He gently leads us on ;
Protects from fatal harms ;
And when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his arms.
- 4 The meek with love he draws ;
Restrains the rash by fear ;
Searches and finds the wand'rer out,
And brings the distant near.
- 5 'Tis thy almighty grace,
That can suffice alone :
Thou giv'st us strength to run the race,
And then bestow'st the crown.

HYMN 106. (C. M.) STEELE.

*Walking in darkness, and trusting in God.—**Isajah i. 10.*

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble
moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs :

When will the mournful night be gone ?
And when my joys arise ?

2 My' God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend !

3 By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat :
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 107. (C. M.) NEWTON.

Doubting christian.

1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I list'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold—
Had neither joy nor song,
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay ;
Through what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To satan's fi'ry dart.
- 7 Alas ! “ I now must give it up,”
I cry'd in deep despair ;
How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear.
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
“ Trust simply on my word,” he said,
“ And leave the rest to me.”

HYMN 108. (C. M.) HART.

Tribulation.

- 1 **T**HE world opposes from without;
And unbelief within :
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
- 2 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And thus how vain we grow !
Till sad desertion makes us droop
And then we sink as low.
- 3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart ;
And rarely do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 4 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong ;
His promises are true,
We shall be conquerors e'er long,
And more than conq'rors too.

HYMN 109. (L. M.) BEDDOME.

Complaining of inconstancy.

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind ;
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;
Nor can there aught in nature be,
So fickle, or as false as we.

- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn ;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness :
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

HYMN 110 (L. M.) CRUTTENDEN.

Backsliding bemoaned.—Sin and holiness.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die :
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
'Ere earth reclaims my captive soul ;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

- 5 How short the joys thy visits give,
 How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve !
 What clouds obscure my rising sun,
 Or intercept its rays at noon !
- 6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
 And power divine attends the word :
 I feel the aid its comforts yield,
 And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]
- 7 Great God, assist me through the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might ;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
 The victory mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN 111. (L. M.) Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The struggle between faith and unbelief.

Mark ix 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
 In thee, believing, we rejoice
 Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
 While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
 And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
 But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
 And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
 While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
 Which thy own gracious hand hath
 wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;

And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

HYMN 112. (C M.) ANON.

Divided heart lamented—Rom. vii. 19

- 1 **W**HEN I with pensive thoughts
The mazes I have trod, [review
Then I adore the grace that drew
My wand'ring soul to God.
- 2 Strange that so much of heaven and hell
Should in one bosom meet ;
Lord, can thy spirit ever dwell
Where satan has a seat ?
- 3 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praise ;
Anon, not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raise.
- 4 By faithless hopes and golden dreams,
I'm tortur'd or betray'd ;
Still toss'd between the two extremes,
Too vain or too dismay'd.
- 5 Decide the dubious, awful case,
By some assuring sign ;
And O, may thy all-conq'ring grace
Demonstrate I am thine.

HYMN 113. (L. M.) ANON.

Past mercies encouraged against present fears.

- 1 **W**HY should I yield to slavish fears ?
God is the same to endless years ;
Tho' clouds and darkness hide his face,
He's boundless both in truth and grace.

- 2 Would e'er the God of truth make known
The worth and glory of his Son ;
His love and righteousness display,
And cast my soul at last away ?
- 3 No—He's my Father and my Friend,
On whose sure promise I depend ;
Tho' now from me his face he hides,
Immutable his love abides.
- 4 Satan shall ne'er o'er Jesus boast,
Nor the rich grace be ever lost :
The Spirit ne'er his dwelling lose,
Nor Christ the humble soul refuse.
- 5 Tho' unbelief may long molest,
And sin and satan break my rest :
Grace shall at last the vict'ry get,
And make my conquest quite complete.

HYMN 114. (C. M.) — STEELE.

Strivings of Grace.

- 1 **S**URPRISING grace !—and shall my
Unmov'd and cold remain ? [heart
Has this hard rock no tender part ?
Must mercy plead in vain ?
- 2 Shall Jesus for admission sue
His soothing voice unheard ?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd ?
- 3 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possess ;

And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

- 4 Lord, rise in thy all conq'ring grace,
Thy mighty pow'r display ;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

HYMN 115. (S. M.) SHOVELLER.

What shall a man profit. &c.—Mark viii. 36, 37.

- 1 **W**HAT does the worldling gain
By all his vain pursuits ?
His very pleasure gives him pain,
And mis'ry are its fruits.

- 2 What anxious cares corrode
The mind intent on wealth ;
His mammon oft becomes a load,
Which robs him of his health.

- 3 Does he his end attain,
And in full affluence roll ?
What does the sordid mortal gain,
When God demands his soul ?

- 4 My soul to heaven aspire,
And seek thine all in God :
Nor e'er pollute thy pure desire,
By trifles on the road.

- 5 The riches of his grace
Will then to glory rise,
When I have run my earthly race,
And gain'd th' immortal prize.

HYMN 116. (L. M.) WATT'S SERMONS.

Faith connected with salvation.—Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven;
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole:
Faith is the grace—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul:
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thy appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain?

HYMN 117. (S. M.) HART.

Charity never faileth.—1 Cor. xiii. 8.

- 1 **F**AITH in the Bleeding Lamb,
O, what a gift is this!
Hope of Salvation in his name,
How comfortable 'tis!
- 2 Faith will to bliss give place;
In sight we hope shall lose:
For who can trust for things he has,
Or hope for what he views?

- 3 But love shall still remain ;
Its glories cannot cease :
No other change shall that sustain,
Save only to increase.
- 4 Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small,
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis holiness,
And thus fulfilleth all.

HYMN 118. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the better Part — Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B** ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand !
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus ! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 119. (C. M.) FAWCETT.

Spiritual mindedness ; or, inward religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;

And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

HYMN 120. (C. M.) STEELE.

Absence from God.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?
- 3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

HYMN 121. (C. M.) WHITEFIELD'S COL.

Prayer for assurance.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of joys divine
To thee my soul aspires;

O could I say, "the Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled, and refined ;
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smiles can gild the shades of wo,
Bid stormy trouble cease
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord !
Assure me of thy love ;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,
To spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN 122. (C. M.) ADDISON.

On the Scriptures.

- 1 GREAT God ! with wonder and with
praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.

- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord ;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,
 And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from the gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

HYMN 123. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Love to our neighbour ; or, the good samaritan.

Luke x. 29—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
 All-powerful from above,
 To form, in our obedient souls,
 The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' wo !
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid ;
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 When thron'd above the skies ;

And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

HYMN 124. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

- 1 **T**O thee my God! my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die:
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh!

HYMN 125. (L. M.) WHITEFIELD'S COL.

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
 How blind are we, how mean our
 praise ;
 Thy steps no mortal eyes explore ;
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy purposes from creature-sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God ! I do not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be ;
 Let light and bliss attend my days,
 And then my future hours be praise.
- 4 Are darkness and distress my share ?
 Give me to trust thy guardian care ;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below ; [quest
 "That Christ is mine !" — this great re-
 Grant, bounteous God ; and I am blest.

HYMN 126. (L. M.) NEWTON.

Why art thou cast down.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, these anxious
 cares ?
 Why thus cast down with doubts and fears ?

- How canst thou want if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 2 When first before his mercy seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

HYMN 127. (L. M.) COWPER.

Return of joy.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And blush that I should ever be,
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 Oh, let me then, at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn,)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine,
 Thou therefore all the praise receive ;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 128. (L. M.) SWAIN.

The assurance of faith.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, whose throne is fix'd on
 high,
 The God of glory and of love,
 That treads the clouds beneath his feet,
 And rules the wondrous worlds above.
- 2 The God that built the starry roof
 That over-hangs this spacious earth,
 That laid the floors of heav'n with gold,
 And gave the whole creation birth :—
- 3 This God is mine, and I am his—
 Eternal glory to his name !
 Though time and nature stop their course,
 My God and Saviour is the same.
- 4 Though hell and sin, with all their hosts
 United rise my faith to move,

Fix'd on this rock I stand secure,
And triumph in redeeming love.

- 5 When earth and heav'n shall roll away,
My soul, beyond the reach of fear,
In a new heav'n shall meet her Lord,
And reign for ever with him there.

HYMN 129. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Fore-runner and foundation of our hope.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, whom we adore !
Is now a sufferer no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heav'n's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete ;
For ever undisturb'd his seat ;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone !
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in his sympathizing heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight
With sacred wonder and delight ;
Jesus, thy own fore-runner, see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest roar,
And foaming waves to mountains soar ;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

HYMN 130. (C. M.)

Prayer for supporting grace.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside.
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 4 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
O let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 131. (C. M.) STEELE.

Filial submission.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high.
To say, my Father God ?
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
To plead its humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 132. (C. M.) COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?
- 4 No! let me rather freely yield,
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 5 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;

- What else I want or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 6 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth ?
- 7 But ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 133. (C. M.) HERVEY.

Resignation to God's unerring wisdom.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the downward tracts of
God's watchful eye surveys; [time,
O, who so wise to chose our lot,
Or regulate our ways ?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind ;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name ;
There let me fill some humble place,
Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

- 5 On this support my soul shall lean,
 And banish ev'ry care ;
 The gloomy vale of death must smile,
 If God be with me there.

HYMN 134. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Submission under bereaving providences.—Psalm
xlvi. 10.

- 1 **P**EACE !—'tis the Lord Jehovah's
 hand
 That blasts our joys in death,
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he,—the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,—
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our cov'nant God and Father he
 In Christ our bleeding Lord,
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
 With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for ev'ry brow :
 And shall rebellious passions rise,
 When he corrects us now ?

- 6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
 We kiss the scourging hand ;
 And yield our comforts and our life
 To thy supreme command.

HYMN 135. (C. M.) STENNETT.

Pleading with God und r affliction.—Lam. iii. 39.

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain
 Of deep distress within,
 Since ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry pain
 Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 Lord to thy dealings I'll submit,
 Nor would I dare rebel ;
 Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
 My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrows rise ;
 And beat upon my soul ;
 Deep calls to deep—O hear my cries,
 While stormy billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
 My ship-wreck'd soul is tost ;
 Till I am tempted in despair
 To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I look
 Once more to thee, my God ;
 O fix my feet on Christ, the rock,
 Who bought me with his blood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
 Will set my heart at ease ;
 One all-commanding word of grace
 Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 136. (C. M.) ADDISON.

Preservation by sea. Psalm cxxi 8.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord?
How sure is their defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide—
Their help, Omnipotence.
- [2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.]
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storms were laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
'The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 My life; while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 137. (L. M.) DAVIES.

*Prayer for rain just before harvest---2 Chron.
vi. 26.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, we view thy chast'ning
hand,
The earth's like brass thro' all our land ;
The heaven its fruitful show'rs denies,
And nature round us fades and dies.
- 2 Revive our with'ring fields with rain ;
Let fruitful show'rs descend again ;
On thee alone our hopes rely,
Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 3 O let the fruits in clusters bend,
Through all our land from end to end ;
And let both saints and sinners see,
Our all depends, O Lord, on thee.

HYMN 138. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

*The believer committing his departing spirit to
Jesus.*

- 1 **O** THOU, that hast redemption
wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought ;
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd ;

Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

- 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes ;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.
- 5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain !
- 6 In raptures there, divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display !

HYMN 139. (C. M.)

The death of a Believer.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say he's gone,
Before the willing spirit takes,
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

- 4 Thus much, and this is all we know,
 They're number'd with the blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
 Should make their mem'ry dear ;
 And Lord do thou the prayers fulfil,
 They offered for us here.
- 6 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
 We miss them day by day ;
 But thou can'st every breach repair,
 And wipe our tears away.

HYMN 140. (C. M.) ADDISON.

The Christian's Hope.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of
 death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my maker, face to face ;
 O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In Majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul ;
 O how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament ;

An interest in the Saviour Christ
Shall endless woe prevent.

- 5 Give me that sorrow of the heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
His sorrows will have weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

HYMN 141. (L. M.) STEELE.

Faith in God.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning
Extend its desolating reign ; [field
Nor spring its blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the golden grain ;
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply ;
- 3 Amid the dark, the dismal scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

5 Thy presence, Lord can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.

[6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joys divine !
 The barren desert shall rejoice,
 'Tis paradise if thou art mine !]

HYMN 142. (C. M).

The Christian journeying home.

- 1 **A** STRANGER in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here,
 Nor shall its happiness or woe,
 Provoke my hope or fear.
- 2 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But O ! the bliss to which I tend,
 Eternally shall last.
- 3 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful high priest,
 And still extends his wounded hands
 To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,
 Or hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 5 Now on the brink of death we stand,
 And if I pass before,

My friends shall soon arrive at land,
And hail me on that shore.

- 6 Then we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

HYMN 143. (C. M.) HAWKESWORTH.

Composed a little before his death, after sleeping.

Approach of death.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.
- 2 New born I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress:
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day!
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 144. (L. M.) BROWN.

Sickness and Death.

- 1 **M**Y soul the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.
- 2 Look forward to the moving scene ;
How wilt thou be affected then ?
When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.
- 3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow ;
The eyes grow dim and short the breath,
The tokens of approaching death.
- 4 When clammy sweats through ev'ry part,
Show life's retreating to the heart ;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When vast eternity's in sight ;
The brightest day, the blackest night ;
One shock will break the building down
And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh !
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity !

HYMN 145. (C. M.) STEELE.

Funeral of a young person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While sorrow prompts the rising sigh,
Oh ! may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—" I too must die !"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world prevail no more ;
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
This day stern death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey :
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh ! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
Do thou prepare this guilty heart
For death's decisive hour.

HYMN 146. (L. M.) STEELE.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand !
 Shall I then waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 Throwing my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
 But oh ! if Christ and heav'n be mine,
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer ;
 An interest in the Saviour's blood—
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain !
 The rising doubt how sharp its pain !
 My fears, O gracious God ! remove !
 Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord ! Oh search my inmost
 heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 147. (C. M.) STEELE.

Time and eternity ; or, longing after unseen pleasures.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys,
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies ?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay :
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
 With conscious sighs we own ;
 While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
 O'ersshade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
 On reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim ;
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. [spring

HYMN 148. (C. M.) STENNETT.

The promised land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye

- To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 149. (C. M.) STEELE.

Promised land.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Un-ounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains !
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !
- 3 There rich varieties of joy
Continual feast the mind ;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd !
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 The great Eternal there displays
His beams of wond'rous grace ;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.
- 6 O may we rise, by grace divine,
To those bright courts on high ;
Then shall our happy spirits join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 150. (C. M.) WATTS'S LYRICS.

A prospect of the resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant
reign,
And triumph o'er the just ;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Soon shall we see the scatter'd shades,
And dawn of heav'n appear ;

The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the sphere.

3 Behold the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 Then hear the voice, " Ye dead arise !"
And, lo ! the graves obey :
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

HYMN 151. (S. M.) ELLIOT & HARRISON.

Prepare to meet thy God.—Ainos iv. 12.—Matt.
xxiv. v. 44.

1 **P**REPARE me, O my God,
To stand before thy face :
Thy spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

- [2 I can't prepare my heart,
Eternal life to gain ;
'Tis thou must all the strength impart,
Or all I do is vain.
- 3 I can't one sin atone—
I swell with pride no more ;
All the best duties I have done,
I've reason to deplore.]
- 4 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood ;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.
- 5 Do thou my sins subdue—
Thy sov'reign love make known ;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 6 Let me attest thy power—
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 152. (C. M.) STENNETT.

The last Judgment.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! to judge the
Aloud th' archangel cries ? [world,"
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes :

The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell :
Lo ! in his hand the conqu'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 Thus he ascends the judgment-seat,
And, at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom ;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who could presume.

8 " Depart ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries !
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat,
The sentence of his grace :

- 10 “ Well done, my good and faithful sons,
“ The children of my love ! [thrones
“ Receive the sceptres, crowns, and
“ Prepar’d for you above.”

HYMN 153. (C. M.) NEEDHAM.

Books opened.—Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **S**OON, soon the last great day shall
 come,
And we shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev’ry tomb,
And wakes the pris’ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw’d by the Judge’s high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 In vain the wicked strive to shun
The Judge’s quick and piercing eye ;
In vain to hills and mountains run,
And to the rocks for shelter cry.
- 4 Behold the awful books display’d
Big with th’ important fates of men !
Each word and deed now public made,
Writt’n by heaven’s unerring pen.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life’s fair book my soul approve ;
There may I read my name enroll’d
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 154. (S. M.) DODDRIDGE.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked. Matt.
xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 " Depart from me, accurs'd
" To everlasting flame,
" For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
" Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;

And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

HYMN 155. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

The year crowned with goodness.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear ;
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning shade !
- 4 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN 156. (C. M.) STEELE.

A morning song.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise :
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,

Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me
And I unconscious lay, [spread
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
Thro' all this day attend :
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
O let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 157. (S. M.) SCOTT.

Morning song.

- 1 **S**EE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing ;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame :
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am ?
- 5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
My Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice ;
By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy presence I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 158. (C. M.)

A morning hymn.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh !
So oft vouchsaf'd before !

Still may it lead, protect, supply !
And I that hand adore !

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray ;
Give me to feel the grateful heart !
And without guilt be gay !

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure !

5 Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past ;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 159. (L. M.) STEELE.

Evening song.—Psalm cxli. 2.

1 **G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning
song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
Does my unnumber'd wants relieve ;
Among thy daily craving poor
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

3 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness too thy love and pow'r.

- 4 Thy love and pow'r, celestial Guard,
 Preserve me from surrounding harm :
 Can danger reach me while the Lord
 Extends his kind, protecting arm ?
- 5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 160. (S. M.)

Evening hymn.

- 1 **A** NOTHER day is gone ;
 The evening shades appear ;
 Our little span thus glides away,
 The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 And thus retire to rest,
 So death will soon unrobe us all
 Of what we here possess'd.
- 3 Lord keep us in the night,
 Secure from all our fears,
 Beneath the pinions of thy love,
 'Till morning light appears.
- 4 And then may we arise,
 And view th' unclouded sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 Nor cease till it is won.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,

O ! may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love !

HYMN 161. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we
love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin—
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin,
And when we leave this weary road,
O may our souls ascend to God.

HYMN 162. (C. M.) DODDRIDGE.

Sabbath morning. Psalm cxviii 24.

- 1 **O**N this blest morn my Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave !
He died to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

- 2 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.
- 3 No heav'nly fire my soul can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid ;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.
- 4 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey ;
A sweet, refreshing sunday-show'r
Will make them sing and pray.
- 5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice ;
Give savor to the heavenly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.
- 6 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,
And fit me to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end.

HYMN 163. (L. M.)

Lord's day evening.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray !
They've heard of heav'n and learn the way.
- 2 Write thou upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The *truths* and doctrines of thy word ;

O let me break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

- 3 This heavenly flame within the breast,
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this vacant heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 164. (L. M.) VOKÉ.

Go preach my gospel. Mark xvi. 15.

- 1 “ **G**O,” said the voice of heavenly love,
“ My gospel preach to ev’ry land ;
“ Lo ! I am with you to the end,
“ Observe and follow my command.”
- 2 “ My pard’ning love proclaim abroad,
“ And show the virtue of my blood ;
“ ’Till time shall end, proclaim my grace
“ To ev’ry land, in ev’ry place.
- 3 “ Go, let the chief of sinners know,
“ That I have blessings to bestow ;
“ Proclaim salvation in my name,
“ Beginning at Jerusalem.
- 4 With joy the first disciples heard,
And preach’d the heart reviving news,
As they from him received in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews :

- 5 Then to the Gentiles far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd nation came.
- 6 Here may the gospel still remain,
'Till Christ shall in the clouds descend ;
Then may we go to meet the Lord,
And find the judge our heav'nly friend.

HYMN 165. (1st. M.)*For a national fast.*

- 1 **W**HEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what successful, wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in that place,
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single fervent saint
Acceptance such attain ?
Great God ! And shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain.
- 4 Are not the people dear to thee,
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or, does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes ?
- 5 Still we are thine, we bear thy name ;
Is this not thine abode ?

Then grant us grace to ask in faith,
 Forgive our sins, O God.

HYMN 166. TOPLADY'S COL.

Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb,
 Redemption by his blood,
 Thro' all the world proclaim ;
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
 Your heritage above,
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
- 5 The gospel-rumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
- 6 Jesus, our great-high-priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;

Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 167. TOPLADY'S COL.

The burdened sinner.

- 1 **A**H, what can I do,
Or where be secure !
If justice pursue
What heart can endure !
The heart breaks asunder,
Though hard as a stone,
When God speaks in thunder,
And makes himself known.
- 2 With terror I read
My sins heavy score,
The number exceeds
The sands on the shore :
Guilt makes me unable
To stand or to flee,
So Cain murder'd Abel,
And trembled like me.
- 3 Each sin, like his blood,
With a terrible cry,
Calls loudly on God
To strike from on high ;
Nor can my repentance,
Extorted by fear,
Reverse the just sentence,
'Tis just, though severe,

- 4 The case is too plain,
I have my own choice ;
Again and again,
I slighted his voice ;
His warnings neglected,
His patience abus'd,
His gospel rejected,
His mercy refus'd.
- 5 And must I then go,
For ever to dwell
In torments and wo
With devils in hell !
Oh where is the Saviour
I scorn'd in times past ;
His word in my favour,
Would save me at last.
- 6 Lord Jesus, on thee
I venture to call,
Oh look upon me,
The vilest of all ;
For whom didst thou languish,
And bleed on the tree ?
Oh pity my anguish,
And say, " 'I was for thee."
- 7 A case such as mine
Will honour thy pow'r,
All hell will repine,
All heaven adore ;
If in condemnation
Strict justice takes place,

It shines in salvation
More glorious through grace.

HYMN 168. (8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6)

Except a man be born again. Joh. iii. 4.

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go ;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Or sink to endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN.
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load ;
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
Or drink the wrath of God.

- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare.
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 9 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is *BORN AGAIN,*
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
 All hail ! the Lamb who once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions, *BORN AGAIN,*
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 168. (P. M.) DODDRIDGE.

God's government Zion's joy — Isaiah lii. 7.

- 1 **Y**E subjects of the Lord proclaim
 The royal honours of his name ;
 'Jehovah reigns,' be all your song.
 'Tis he thy God, O Zion, reigns.
 Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
 Glad hallelujahs to prolong.
- 2 Ye princes, boast no more your crown,
 But lay the glittering trifle down
 In lowly honour at his feet ;

A span your narrow empire bounds ;
 He reigns beyond created rounds,
 In self-sufficient glory great.

- 3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
 Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay ;
 Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;
 To everlasting years He reigns,
 And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
 When kings, and suns, and time shall
 end.

- 4 So shall his favoured Zion live ;
 In vain confed'rate nations strive
 Her sacred turrets to destroy ;
 Her sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
 And endless pow'r, and endless love,
 Ensure her safety and her joy.

HYMN 169. (8. 7. 4.) BRISTOL COL.

Zion's increase prayed for.—Psalm xlv. 3.

- 1 **G**IRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour !
 Make the word of truth thy care !
 Prosper in thy course triumphant,
 All success attend thy war !
 Gracious Victor,
 Bring thy trophies from afar.
- 2 Majesty combin'd with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite,
 To ensure thy blessed conquest,
 Take possession of thy right :
 Ride victorious,
 Deck'd in robes of purest light.

- 3 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre—
 Blest are all that own thy reign ;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants—
 Rescu'd from its galling chain :
 Saints and angels,
 All, who know thee, bless thy reign.

HYMN 170. (148th.) PEACOCK.

Christ's resurrection and ascension.

Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! the glorious morn,
 That saw our Saviour rise ;
 With vic'ry bright adorn'd ;
 And triumph in his eyes ;
 Ye saints extol your risen Lord,
 And sing his praise with sweet accord.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God,
 Th' atoning sacrifice,
 Sustains the dreadful load
 Of man's iniquities ;
 Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,
 All vanquished fell, when Jesus rose.
- 3 At once the prison doors,
 Death's awful gates, expand ;
 Their captive they restore,
 At God's supreme command :
 How blest the hour, awake our joys,
 Hell's fatal pow'r, lo, he destroys.
- 4 The conqueror ascends,
 In triumph to the skies ;

Celestial hosts attend,
 To crown his victories :
 Hark ! they proclaim his glorious name ;
 And heav'n resounds Immanuel's fame.

5 Now to the throne above,
 Let ev'ry saint draw near ;
 There dwells incarnate love,
 Grace sits triumphant there :
 See mercy smile, e'n on that throne,
 Where once did wrath and justice frown.

6 All praise be to the Lamb,
 Who offered up his blood ;
 Hosannas to his name,
 That for our ransom stood ;
 In notes sublime with joy we'll sing,
 The love divine of Christ our King.

HYMN 171. (8s.)

Our God for ever and ever.—Psalms xixiii. 14.

1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 172. (148th.) HARRISON.

Dejected, yet hoping.—Psalm xlii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY do I thus complain,
And bow my drooping head?
Cheer up my soul, again—
Thy Saviour is not dead:
Jesus, thy Lord, is still the same,
Believe his word, and trust his name.
- 2 What though he hides his face,
Nor will one smile afford,
Thou yet may'st plead his grace,
And venture on his word:
Still all thy trust on him repose,
And own him just in all thy woes.
- 3 Why should distressing thoughts,
Why should distracting cares,
Still aggravate thy faults,
And urge thy flowing tears?
No longer fight against his rod;
But still delight and hope in God.

HYMN 173. 8. 8. 6.

Time and Eternity.—Psalm xxxix.

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or, shuts me up in hell!

- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By free and sov'reign grace.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
O tell me, Lord—shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 O thou, that hear'st the pray'r of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me.
- 5 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 6 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breath,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
My Maker is my friend.

- 7 The king of terrors then shall be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogg'd by earth or earthly things,
 I'll mount, I'll fly with eager wings
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 174. MADAN'S COL.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do my Saviour to
 praise ?
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
 The weakest believer that hangs upon
 him !
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set
 free !
 The people who can be joyful in thee ;
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
 And ever depend upon Almighty grace.
- 3 Their daily delight will be in thy name ;
 They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
 claim ;
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd
 by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of
 God.

HYMN 175. S. 7. ROBINSON.

Ebenezer--1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :

Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer :
 Hither by thy help I'm come :
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love !
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 176. 7s.

Tempted---but flying to Christ the refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,—
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my *trust* on thee is stay'd,
 All my *help* from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find !
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sins—
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 177. 5. 5. 11. WESLEY.

Sufferings and death of Jesus.---Lam. i. 12.

- 1 **A**LL ye who pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?

Our ransom and peace,
 Our surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
 his.

2 The Lord, in the day
 Of anger, did lay
 Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
 away ;
 He dy'd to atone
 For sins not his own—
 The Father has punish'd for us his dear
 Son.

3 For sinners like me,
 He dy'd on the tree ;
 His death is accepted, the sinner is free.
 My pardon I claim,
 A sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 With joy we approve
 The plan of his love !
 A wonder to all both below and above !
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 That ocean of love, without bottom or
 shore.

HYMN 178.

The kingdom of Christ.---Phil. iv. 4.

1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is king :
 Your God and King adore ;

Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice ! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope !
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 179. (8, 7. 8, 7.)

A charity-hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's
tongue ;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung :
- 2 When thine harvest yields the pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.
- 3 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour thy plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.
- 4 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
- 5 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;
Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.
- 6 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

HYMN 180. (L. M.) BARNARD.

At parting.

- 1 **O** ! HAPPY day, when saints shall
meet
To part no more—the thought is sweet ;
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below, when christians part.
- 2 O happy place I still must say,
Where all but love is done away ;
All cause of parting there is past ;
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in ev'ry heart, will reign ;
There separations can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven, their
home ;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

HYMN 181. (L. M.) DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell — 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;

When absent happy, if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Bring us together in thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.



DOXOLOGIES.

(L. M.) KEN.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
flow;

Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(C. M.) MAXWELL.

ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Co-equal honours done.

(S. M.) BEDDOME.

TO thee Eternal Three,
In will and essence one,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

(L. M.) HART.

At Dismission.

- 1 **D**ISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that wev'e done amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

(C. M.) CENNICK.

Praise to the Lamb.

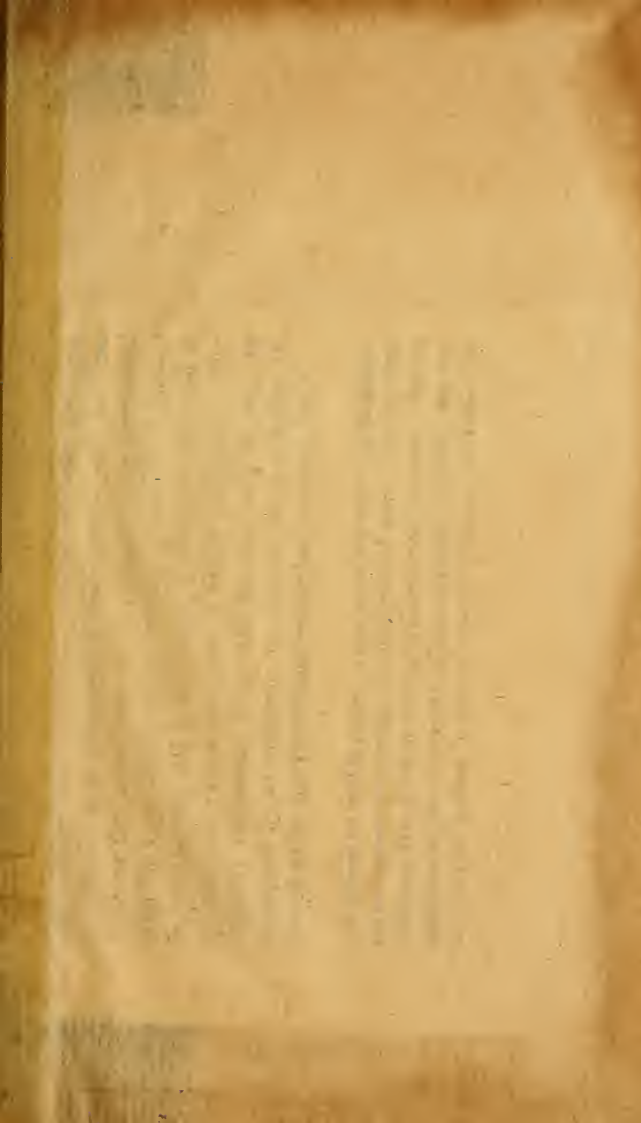
- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory giv'n
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.
- 2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays ;
And when we reach thy blissful throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

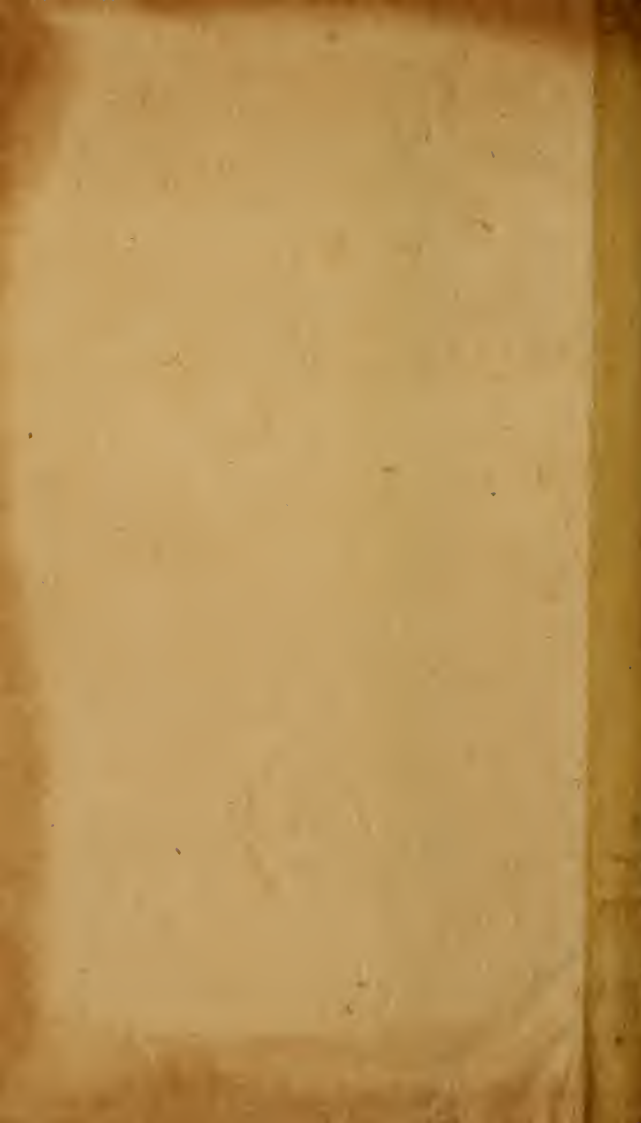
(S. M.) GRIFFIN'S SEL.

Dismission.

- 1 **O**NCE more before we part,
Great God attend our pray'r ;
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of ev'ry person here.
- 2 And if we meet no more,
On Zion's holy ground ;
O may we reach that blissful shore,
To which thy saints are bound.







character of this great man; which, whoever attempts, should aim at an exactness of resemblance, such as when in water face answereth to face, lest, by being confronted with the very precise image which he has left of himself in your hearts, and in his works, it should be reproved as untrue to so rare a specimen of God's handiwork. Our remarks concerning him, will be such only as may be prompted by an endeavor to enforce the instruction afforded us by the Providence which has removed him.*

* It may be well to record in this place, the following biographical particulars concerning this distinguished man. He was born February 21st, 1769, at Lewes, in the state of Delaware. He was graduated in the University of Pennsylvania, in 1788. He was admitted to the bar, in Sussex county, Delaware, in 1790. He

